THE PACIFIC

Commercial Advertiser

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Mr. Emmeluth announced yesterday, amid tears, that he was "not going to make an ass of himself any longer." Let us hope that the member for Bedlam will stick to his resolve. He has cultivated the habit and the taste for so many years that it will be hard for him to break away. However, here's hoping.

Judge Edings, in his sitting in the court of absent Judge Gear, is winning good opinions from the bar and public. He does nothing sensational, tries none of his cases in the newspapers and in the fairness of his decisions leaves nothing to be desired. Though a journal which did not rejoice over his appointment, the Advertiser feels in duty bound to make record of his success.

WHEN THE PRESIDENT TRAVELS.

In the Saturday Evening Post Mr. Henry L. West tells about the manner in which our Presidents do their traveling. Few monarchs in Europe have greater care exercised with respect to their journeys. It is not in the nature of toadying to greatness, but because the death of our President, irrespective of his personality, would be a great national calamity. First of all, says Mr. West, the percentage of possibility of accident "is reduced to a minimum in the selection of cars for the President's train. New coaches, which have just left the shop, are preferred. Axles, wheels, springs, journals, brakes, couplings—in fact, all of the important factors in the makeup of a train—are carefully examined and tested before being allowed to depart with their precious human freight. The engine selected is the best in the service, and is run by the most reliable engineer in each division of the road, the man upon whom the company can rely for the exercise of caution and of the best judgment in time of emergency. In no case, however, is he allowed to bear alone the responsibilities of his important position. On the opposite side of the cab sits a man less grimy, perhaps, and without overalls. He is the road foreman of the division. Neither the engineer nor the road foreman speaks to the other as the train rolls swiftly along. Their eyes are on the long line of steel rails that stretches away into the distance, but they are thinking of the smooth-faced, dark-eyed man who is in the rear car, smiling and conversing with his friends, and in whom all the greatness of the Republic is personified. They feel their heavy responsibility, and they give a sigh of relief when the end of their division is reached."

As the train glides from division to division, says Mr. West, quiet men, who seem to know no one except the conductors and other train men, slip into some vacant seat in a sleeping car or sit and smoke in the combination car, just behind the engine. They chat with each other, occasionally glancing at their watches, and are always alert. They are the division superintendents, masters of transportation or others high in authority. "Suppose," said Mr. West to one of these officials while riding on a Presidential train, "that some evil-disposed person should displace a rail for the purpose of killing the President?"

"Any attempt to wreck this train, with designs upon the life of the President," was the emphatic reply, "would have to be carried into execution in less than five minutes. Just before we left the last station an engine, with two men in the cab, slipped out on the main track, and is now just ahead of the Presidential train. If any body has displaced a rail, or set fire to a bridge, or opened a switch, the engine ahead will feel the blow. It is our picket line. Between the passing of that engine over the track and the coming of the Presidential train there is not time enough for anybody to displace a rail."

When asked if the track was kept clear of other trains in order to prevent collisions, the official responded: "Oh, no. We can guard against collisions. We cannot, however, prevent the breaking down of some old freight car. It would be just our luck, if freight were moving, to have a car jump the track, or something else happen to blockade the track and delay this train. We could not afford to have the President kept waiting in the woods for four or five hours. The safest way is the best way, so at present all our trains are on sidings."

Furthermore, an engine follows the Presidential train in order to have power at hand in case anything went wrong with the Presidential locomotive. And, usually, the railroads keep a man at every bridge, switch and tunnel until the Presidential train has passed. So the line is virtually picketed from end to end, and the possibility of accident is reduced to the minimum.

Mr. West tells us, however, that the Presidential train bears at least one autocrat before whom everybody must bow. It is the chef who presides over the private dining car, and his importance is illustrated by two incidents which Mr. West recounts as follows:

"On the way to the Nashville exposition the chef cooked a mess of trout with such perfect skill that he was summoned to the Executive's presence for deserved commendation. When the message was conveyed to the chef, the answer was as unexpected as it was firm. 'If the President wants me,' he said, surveying his little kingdom of pots and pans, 'he can find me here.' And there, it might be added, the chef remained.

"The other incident occurred at Chattanooga. The train was to start at 2 o'clock on Monday morning, the President desiring to avoid Sunday travel, but the night was so unbearably hot that the President sanctioned the moving of the train at 10 o'clock Sunday night to a suburb about eight miles from the city. Everybody was on board except the chef. That independent and indispensable gentleman appeared at 2 o'clock in the morning, according to the original schedule time. Imagine his surprise when he found an engine and coach in waiting for him. He rode in solitary dignity out to the suburb, and was then transferred to the President's car. 'It is the first time I ever knew of a special train being run for a cook,' said the superintendent of this road with disgust in his voice, as he gave orders to have the engine and coach sent back to the city."

THE PORTO RICANS.

The other day a man in the Legislature complained because the planters had imported women and children with their adult male laborers. It was a singular complaint to make, and one in sharp contrast with the usual one, namely, that the neglect of the planters to import laborers with their families was a menace to the moral welfare of the group.

In point of fact the planters should be thanked rather than abused for this policy. It is one that has sunk them much money, for the expense of bringing over a boy of twelve and upward is as great as that of bringing in a man; and as for women, they cost in fares and food as much as their husbands do. But the planters reasoned and rightly reasoned, that laborers who came with their families would make better workmen and better citizens than those without. So they willingly paid the extra bills.

That some of the women and children looked thin and weak on arriving here was to have been expected. Poverty is dire in Porto Rico, and the voyage of six or seven thousand miles in steerage and emigrant cars would test the fiber of a well-nourished man. But the peons who came first are now showing the effects of good food and care; and those who have lately come are likely, we think, to bless the day of their arrival. Certainly, there would be no kindness in sending back those who most need food and shelter, nor in separating their families.

One would judge from the tone of the Official Court circular that fear of the effect of the Nolte story on the fortunes of the Home Rule Legislature, a body which the circular has been implicated with, is its dominant impulse. An effort is made to fix the responsibility of the story on a reporter who is absent and sick with nervous prostration, and therefore, like defenceless women, subject to the Circular's attack. As Mr. Nolte, not the Advertiser's man, told of the free lunch episode in the presence of witnesses, it is unnecessary to go much further, least of all to a sickbed. If deemed essential, however, to corroborate Mr. Nolte's story, as published by this paper in interview form, the testimony of the reporter who saw certain legislators take lunch without paying their bills, can be had in a few days.

An attack upon the salary of Superintendent Atkinson follows the threat of John Emmeluth to punish him for the "Simian headline" which, awhile ago, appeared in the columns of the Star. That Mr. Atkinson had no more to do with the headline than he had with the presswork, is a fact that could probably be established by the entire Star force. As we understand Mr. Atkinson's present relation to the Star, it is that of an occasional contributor, and does not involve any kind of editorial accountability. It is unfair to hold him responsible for a headline that he never saw before he received his copy of the paper.

At intervals Wilcox, or somebody acting for him, sends hundreds of papers to the native Hawaiians containing notices of the Island Delegate, fervid enough in their tone to have been written by himself. Probably most of them were. The point we wish to make, however, is that the papers in question have no standing, are in no sense official and would, if paid enough for it, describe the whole Hawaiian Legislature as a typical body of Puritans, and Emmeluth as a glass of fashion and a mould of form.

The famous old Harper's Bazar, so long a weekly, has become a monthly. It will appear as a magazine of one hundred pages, finely illustrated. The daily papers with their elaborate fashion pages, have spoilt the business of the weekly Bazar, but the proprietors doubtless think that if they can get into the field of the Ladies' Home Journal they will find more room. The result will be awaited with interest by the old readers of the Bazar.

Judge Humphreys chooses to assert in print that the editor of the Advertiser introduced Mortimer I. Stevens, whose suspicious departure the judge dislikes to talk about, to the people whom Stevens bilked. As usual, the judge is conspicuously inexact. There is not a man in or out of Honolulu who was ever introduced to Stevens by the editor of the Advertiser.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The Kentucky Tailor—"What size will you have these hip-pockets—pint or quart?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Lacked reciprocity: "I haven't much use for Blithersley," said the proud papa. "Why?" asked the proud mamma.

The Woman—"Doctor, I have an awfully tired feeling." The doctor—"Ah! Let me see your tongue."—Brooklyn Life.

"Have you heard the story of the onion?" asked Wattles of Pettigrew; "No? Well, don't breathe it to a soul."—Cleveland Spectator.

Not his business to inquire: "Uncle," said the dusty pilgrim, "how far is it to Sagetown?" "'Bout a mile and a half," replied the farmer. "Can I ride with you?" "Sartin; climb in." At the end of three-quarters of an hour the dusty pilgrim began to be uneasy. "Uncle," he asked, "how far are we from Sagetown now?" "'Bout four mile and a half." "Great grief! Why didn't you tell me we were going away from Sagetown?" "Why didn't you tell me you wanted to go thar?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, while shopping in Paris not long ago, noticed that whenever she went from one department to another, she was escorted by a clerk, who handed her over to another attendant, saying: "Two ten." Struck by the peculiarity of the oft-repeated cabalistic words, the baroness asked the proprietor, as she left the establishment: "Pray, what does 'two ten' mean? I noticed that each clerk repeated it to the next as I went from one counter to the other." "Oh, it is nothing," replied the man; "it is just a pass-word they are in the habit of exchanging." But the baroness was not satisfied. When a porter, a mere lad, brought home her purchase, she said to him: "My boy, would you like to earn five francs?" Of course, he would be charmed. "Then tell me what 'two ten' means, and I will give you five francs." The youth looked at her in astonishment. "Don't you know, madam? Why, it means: 'Keep your two eyes on her ten fingers'!" That solved the mystery. One of the richest and most generous women in England had been taken for a shop-lifter.

Not for his health: Hubbubs— Why are you moving from your suburban home?" Subbubs—"I am all run down." Hubbubs—"Malaria?" Subbubs—"No; gossipy neighbors."—Philadelphia Record.

How to dine well: He was hungry and in funds. "Waiter, here's a dollar. Now suggest a good dinner for me." Waiter (in a serious whisper)—"Go to some other restaurant, sir."—Philadelphia Times.

"No, I won't give you a piece of my apple," snapped his sister. "And who was it," the boy inquired, reproachfully, "that spoiled the piano so you didn't have to practice for a week?"—Philadelphia Times.

"I listened to him for an hour today while he told me about what his baby had said, or tried to say, and just as I was about to tell him about ours he left me, saying he had to catch a train."—Baltimore American.

"I didn't know Bragg was a publisher." "A publisher? Who told you he was?" "He did. He said he was 'a disseminator of light literature.'" "Huh! He's a bill clerk in the employ of the gas company."—Philadelphia Press.

Little 4-year-old Harry had been whipped by his father for telling a falsehood, and he ran to his mother for consolation. "When I was your age I never told a falsehood," said his mother. "When do you begin, mamma?" asked Harry.—Tit Bits.

A fatal disease: Mrs. Kelly—"Did yez hear of the felly acrosht the way dyin' of anglophobia?" Mrs. Googan— "Yez mean hydrophobia!" Mrs. Kelly—"No; I mean anglophobia! He wuz cheerin' for King Edward, an' the gang heerd him!"—Judge.

A paper published at Smithville, Ind., has the following item: "There will be an ice cream supper given by Mrs. Susan Howard next Thursday night in the Christian Church Grove, to assist in raising funds for the funeral expenses of her husband."—Ex.

After the Supreme Court decision: Excited man (at long-distance telephone)—"I want to talk to Fargo, N. D.!" Voice (at central station)—"You'll have to wait a few minutes. Line's busy. Twenty-seven other husbands are trying to tell their wives to come home."—Chicago Tribune.

Disadvantage of strange surroundings: Mrs. Bingo—"You are perfectly welcome to another piece of cake, Willie, but I am afraid it will make you sick. Your mother told me particularly to give you but one piece." Willie Simpson—"That's all very well, but I don't know where the pantry is here."—Leslie's Weekly.

A thief followed a beautiful woman who wore a diamond necklace. As he was about to snatch it and run, the woman, thinking she was not observed, removed the precious jewels and dropped them in the street. "Foiled!" muttered the thief bitterly, as he turned away; "she is an actress."—Ohio State Journal.

Early rising: "Pat," said a manager to one of his workmen, "you must be an early riser. I always find you at work the first thing in the morning." "Indade, and OI am, sor. It's a family trait, OI'm thinking." "Then your father is an early riser, too? "Me father, is it ? He roises that early that if he went to bed a little later he'd meet himself getting up in the mornin'."—Tit Bits.

Many years ago, when Henry Labouchere was appointed to a diplomatic post somewhere in Europe, the British foreign office found that he was not at his post when he should have been. On making inquiries, they found that the new attache was at Berlin, many miles from his official destination; and his explanation was that, as he was not allowed traveling expenses and was not rich, he was walking to his office, and would reach the shores of the Bosphorus in due course. That was "Labby's" way of protesting against the non-payment of traveling expenses. His protest against pomposity was just as original. It was a pompous individual who called to see the British Minister at Washington, D. C., when "Labby" was there. The Minister was out, and the caller insisted on waiting. "Then pray take a chair," said the attache. After half an hour the pompous man grew impatient, and asked when the Minister was expected back. "I don't know," said "Labby"; "he left for Europe this morning."

The late John M. Palmer was one of the wits of public life. When he retired from the Senate he was not discouraged, but said: "I come into fashion about every ten years in Illinois."

Johann Strauss was one of the oldest Wagnerians. When, fifty years ago, the publisher sent him the score of the "Tannhauser" overture, which he introduced in Vienna, he put it in rehearsal, the orchestra occupying two rooms in his house for the purpose. He says: "At the final rehearsal, just as we had finished playing the overture, my mother, who loved music more than she comprehended it, came into the room, asking: 'Du Jeany, was habt ihr denn da gespielt, das ist merkwurdige musik— die recht mich fuurchbar auf!' ('Look here Jeany, what have you been playing there? That is most remarkable music—it excites me terribly!')" That was the first Viennese criticism on Wagner's music.

A story is told of a former Duke of Hamilton, who invited one of his neighbors, a plain spoken laird, to stop at his place for luncheon after the conclusion of a business transaction. The laird was not used to the luxuries of life, and watched with an impatient eye the flittings about of a liveried servant who seemed to be everywhere at once, anticipating the laird's wants in a way that struck the rustic as positively uncanny. At last the guest turned deliberately about in his chair and addressed the servant in a tone of considerable irritation: "What are ye dance, dance, dancing about the room for, man?" he demanded; "can ye no draw in your chair and sit doon? I'm sure there's enough on the table for three."

Blanche Bates had an amusing experience last week at the Garden Theater, New York, where she is appearing in the leading role of "Under Two Flags." In the first act, as Cigarette, she entered with a whip in her hand. While simulating a fit of rage, in which she laid about her right and left with it, the lash of the whip broke and flew across the footlingts, striking a woman in the front row of the orchestra directly across the face. Involuntarily, Miss Bates exclaimed: "Ah, I beg your pardon. I am so sorry. I hope I did not hurt you." Instantly, in a very high key, there came this reply from the orchestra: "Oh, not at all, Miss Bates. The pleasure is mine. With your permission, I'll keep the lash as a souvenir." The effect of this remark was electrical. Only a few of the spectators had seen the accident, and, from the clever way in which Miss Bates handled her voice, scarcely any one but the woman addressed had heard the remark; but the victim of the lash of the whip wasn't so fine an elocutionist. Her words rang out so loud and clear that Miss Bates and the other actors had to turn their backs to hide their laughter.